

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Memoirs of the Life and Character of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke; with specimens of his Poetry and Letters, and an Estimate of his Genius and Talents, compared with those of his Great Contemporaries. By JAMES PRIOR, Esq. 8vo. pp. 584. London, 1824.

ALTHOUGH the leading features of Mr. Burke's political life are well known to the public, yet there are many circumstances connected with it, which are either ill understood, or have been grossly misrepresented: this is, however, frequently the case in the hasty memoirs that are written immediately after the death of an individual; but time, the great revealer of events, unfolds the secrets of cabinets, unmask characters long in disguise, and ultimately affords the means of doing justice to all. We do not mean to say that justice to the memory of Burke, who died in 1797, could not be done until the year 1824; but it has not been done, and to Mr. Prior has been left the duty, of placing the political character of Burke in a true light, and of rescuing it from the many misrepresentations with which it has been loaded. Mr. Prior has not only corrected many errors and refuted many calumnies in the preceding memoirs of Mr. Burke, but he has also collected many new facts which had been omitted by other writers, and those facts of importance to the right knowledge of Mr. Burke's character. The preceding memoirs of Burke were particularly deficient as to his early life, which was slurred over as if he had been 'born great' and not had 'greatness thrust upon him,' or rather, earned it by his talents. Mr. Prior has, on the contrary, traced his progress from his private condition in life, to the pinnacle of fame, noting the energies of his mighty mind, whether occupied in the study, the cabinet, or the senate, thus inculcating a lesson of emulation and affording a proof that, in this country, there is nothing that industry and talents cannot achieve. We must not be understood as depreciating the birth of Mr. Burke, since his family was highly respectable, and his education that of a gentleman. As to his fortune, Mr. Prior even says, he knows that Mr. Burke received at various times from his family, money to the amount of £20,000, which is more than Mr. Pitt derived from his father, though it has been asserted that the patrimony of the former was almost nothing, and that in early life he supported himself, in London, wholly by

his pen. It is not, however, our intention to give a connected memoir of the life of Mr. Burke, although we shall give a few extracts from Mr. Prior's well-written and accurate volume. When young, Mr. Burke wooed the muses, and Mr. Prior presents us with two poems written when he was only sixteen or eighteen, which have considerable poetical merit. The first is a translation of the conclusion of the second Georgic of Virgil; the second is a poetic address to a friend on his marriage. When twenty years of age, Mr. Burke arrived in London to study the law; and his letter to his elder brother on his arrival furnishes so good a specimen of his epistolary talents, that we feel induced to quote a portion of it:—

'Soon after my arrival in town, I visited Westminster Abbey: the moment I entered I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind which I cannot describe; the very silence seemed sacred. Henry the Seventh's Chapel is a very fine piece of Gothic architecture, particularly the roof; but I am told that it is exceeded by a chapel in the University of Cambridge. Mrs. Nightingale's monument has not been praised beyond its merit. The attitude and expression of the husband in endeavouring to shield his wife from the dart of death, is natural and affecting. But I always thought that the image of death would be much better represented with an extinguished torch inverted, than with a dart. Some would imagine, that all these monuments were so many monuments of folly;—I don't think so; what useful lessons of morality and sound philosophy do they not exhibit! When the high-born beauty surveys her face in the polished parian, though dumb the marble, yet it tells her that it was placed to guard the remains of as fine a form, and as fair a face, as her own. They show besides how anxious we are to extend our loves and friendships beyond the grave, and to snatch as much as we can from oblivion—such is our natural love of immortality: but it is here that letters obtain the noblest triumphs; it is here that the swarthy daughters of Cadmus may hang their trophies on high; for when all the pride of the chisel and the pomp of heraldry yield to the silent touches of time, a single line, a half-worn-out inscription, remain faithful to their trust. Blest be the man that first introduced these strangers into our islands, and may they never want protection or merit! I have not the least doubt that the finest poem in the English language, I mean Milton's *Il Penseroso*, was composed in the long-resounding aisle of a mouldering cloister or ivied abbey. Yet after all, do

you know that I would rather sleep in the southern corner of a little country churchyard, than in the tomb of the Capulets. I should like, however, that my dust should mingle with kindred dust. The good old expression 'family burying-ground' has something pleasing in it, at least to me.'

It was long a very current report that Mr. Burke was educated at St. Omer's, but so far was this from being the case, that in three or four journeys he made to France, St. Omer's happened to be the chief place in the northern provinces which he never visited. Mr. Burke's first avowed work, the *Vindication of Natural Society*, was published in 1756, when he was twenty-six years of age. Mr. Prior necessarily dwells much on the political character and conduct of Mr. Burke, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and enriches his pages with many of the most brilliant passages in his eloquent speeches in Parliament. The celebrated Thomas Paine could once number Mr. Burke among his friends:—

'This remarkable character, who had arrived from America in 1787, brought with him a letter of introduction to Mr. Burke from the Hon. Henry Laurens, ex-president of congress, and who, it will be remembered, had been released from the Tower in 1781, by the exertions of the former, requesting the exertion of his influence to attract public notice to some mechanical contrivances of Mr. Paine, particularly the model of an iron bridge. Mr. Burke, with his accustomed hospitality, invited him to Beaconsfield, took him during a summer excursion to Yorkshire to several iron-founderies there, in order to gain the opinions of practical men, and introduced him to several persons of rank; to which there is an allusion in the following note to Mr. Wilkes:—

'MY DEAR SIR,—I come at your requisition to the service of a cause rendered dearer to me by your accession to it. Since you will have it so I will eat venison in honour of old England; let me know at Gerrard Street when and where. You make too much of the prattle of the world and the effect of any opinion of mine, whether real or supposed. The libels and the panegyrics of the newspapers can neither frighten nor flatter me out of my principles; but (except for the evil of example) it is no matter at all if they did. However, since you think my appearance something, you shall have me in my blue and buff; we all indeed long very much to see you, and are much your humble servants. I am just going to dine with the Duke of Portland, in

company with the great American Paine, whom I take with me.

"Ever, my dear sir,

"Your most affectionate faithful friend,

"EDMUND BURKE.

"Beaconsfield, August 18th, 1788."

'At this time, Paine, whom he did not distinctly know to be an Englishman, professed to have wholly relinquished politics. But soon afterwards visiting France, in order to inspect the plans and models in the Public Office of Bridges and Highways, introduced by a letter from Dr. Franklin to the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, the incipient disorders of that country revived in his mind the dormant spirit of turbulence and dissatisfaction towards existing institutions; he returned to England to all appearances well-informed of the designs of the popular leaders, of which many intelligible intimations were dropped to Mr. Burke, with a recommendation to him that he should endeavour to introduce a more enlarged system of liberty into England, using reform in Parliament as the most obvious means.

'This hint, thrown out probably to sound him, was, as may be believed, coldly received. "Do you really imagine, Mr. Paine, that the constitution of this kingdom requires such innovations, or could exist with them, or that any reflecting man would seriously engage in them? You are aware that I have all my life opposed such schemes of reform; of course, because I knew them not to be reform." Not discouraged by this rebuff, Paine continued his correspondence from Paris in the summer of 1789, and, there is no doubt whatever, first communicated to his distinguished acquaintance certain information that the destruction of the monarchy was resolved upon; that the leaders had determined to set fire to the four corners of France sooner than not carry their principles into practice; and that no danger was to be apprehended from the army, for it was gained. This remarkable note is said by a friend of Mr. Burke's to be dated only three days before the destruction of the Bastille.'

Want of room prevents us from entering further at present, but we shall resume Mr. Prior's volume in our next.

The Garden of Eden, in Language adapted to the Young. 12mo. pp. 56. London, 1824.

WE understand that the Garden of Eden is the first of a series of small and cheap works, on the historical portions of the Scriptures. To all who acknowledge and appreciate the value of the Bible, and are desirous to have the young trained up in the principles of religion and admonitions of scripture, such an undertaking must meet with their countenance and support; and if parents will follow the advice of the author, and examine or converse with their children about what they have read, the happy effects would soon be universally experienced. But let the author be heard in his own words. In the preface, he says, 'It

was the saying of an intelligent writer, that the instruction given to the young should be plain, and it should be historical.' To their young and tender minds instruction should be rendered an amusement and not a toil. History is naturally fitted to amuse as well as to instruct: the facts and events related bring the young person into the scene of real life, and paint the things which have happened before his mind. With this view, the following work is intended to "teach the young idea how to shoot," by the aid of the persons and facts of the Bible. Examples have always been more successful than advice. The author intreats parents to show their affection for their children, by examining them upon each chapter, when they have read it once or twice; and the good effects of their knowledge of the Bible will soon appear.'

We can only give two brief extracts, which will form a good specimen of the author's manner:—

'But an idle can never be a happy life; therefore, even in the days of innocence and of plenty, Adam was appointed to dress and to keep the garden; to prevent the beasts of the earth or the fowls of the air from taking the fruits, or destroying the trees, shrubs, or plants, to prune the luxuriant branches, or to dig around the roots, that so by new soil they might bring forth in greater abundance; and though it will be easily conceived, that his work was rather to prove a pleasure than a toil, yet still employment was to make a part of his happiness, even in Eden's lovely bowers. This teaches the young, that with diligence and cheerfulness, they should attend to their learning, and to whatever work they are appointed.'

To remind man of his dependence upon his Maker, and to try his obedience:—

"The Lord God commanded the man, saying, of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die!"

'In this plain narrative of Moses are contained many interesting truths. "And the Lord God commanded the man." The meaning of the word command is easily understood. It is an order given by a parent to a child; by a master to a servant; by a teacher to his scholars; or by a prince to his subjects. The Lord God, the universal father and king over all, here gives the command—the Lord, a name which implies eternal and necessary existence, together with absolute independence and universal dominion. The name God is Jehovah in the original; teaching, that there are three persons in the godhead, and also expressive of eternal existence and of divine perfection. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." The command is given to the child or creature—the man.

'Adam is here emphatically called the man, because the first of men, the only man then living, the man from whom all other men have descended, and because the noblest part of creation.'

Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land.
By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, Esq., F. A. S.
(Continued from page 354.)

RESUMING our extracts from Mr. Wilson's Travels, we shall commence with an account of the slave-market at Cairo, of which he gives an interesting description; it may seem some reproach to us that the Turks treat their slaves better than we Christians: we must, however, without at all vindicating the horrid traffic in human flesh, or the existence of slavery, confess that we do not think that instances of severity are very frequent even in our own colonies:—

'Having heard of a market which has been long established here, for selling our fellow-creatures, I entered it with trembling steps, and under the most painful sensations I ever experienced. Although many attempt a description of the objects which I witnessed, yet no idea can be conveyed of the afflicting scenes which occur within its walls. The place set apart for this most scandalous traffic, is a large court, leading from the principal street, in the form of a quadrangle, with a range of apartments around, elevated about twenty feet from the ground, to which there is access by a staircase at one end, and a sort of platform or gallery in front of the apartments, not unlike the yards of some inns in London. In one place I observed a Turkish female; she was bargaining for the purchase of a young girl, who was previously stripped for the purpose of examination, turned round, her joints felt, her tongue inspected, and, after a deal of negotiation, refused to be taken. In others I saw creatures of all ages, up to fifty years, in a state of wretchedness and nudity, huddled together in hovels like housed cattle. At the entry of the gallery, leading to the miserable dens, sat the iron-hearted guardian of this receptacle of woe. He was a tyrannical-looking fellow, seated on the ground cross-legged, smoking, and watching for the arrival of purchasers. Presuming that I had come to the market with this view, he demanded, in a growling tone, if I wanted a boy or a girl. At this time a helpless child was offered for sale. My heart was wrung with grief at this moment, and I could only drop a silent tear, and hurried away from this scene of misery, in which it would be difficult to determine whether human nature appears in its most guilty or abject form.

'This dépôt continues always stocked with slaves of both sexes, who arrive in prodigious numbers from Upper Egypt. Upon any person being observed to enter it, which is concluded to be for the purpose of buying these despised creatures, they are quickly turned out from their dens, and are ranked and exhibited by their inhuman keeper. Such is their own anxiety to be purchased, that they may be liberated from their captivity, that there appeared to be a marked rivalry and emulation among them, expressed by their looks and motions, which of them should attract most attention. Some of them were completely black, with an excellent set of teeth, finely form-

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ed, and had only a rag round part of the body. There is also a market here, I was informed, for selling human beings of a white complexion.

'Such being the deplorable case which exists in the capital of Egypt, let me, in the name of suffering humanity, suggest to our enlightened legislature, that those powerful measures, which are so loudly called for, be adopted to abolish this accursed traffic in the east, of "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," so revolting to the feelings of Christians, and diametrically opposite to every noble sentiment of charity and civilization.

'But I shall not enlarge on this afflicting topic, and only add that it affords some consolation to reflect, that such is the humanity with which many of the Turks treat their slaves, that it may be said, the whip rarely, if ever, lacerates the back of the female, as it does in our English colonies; and the institutes of the Turkish government being altogether of a military character, the males never feel their slavery further than as a species of military subordination.

'Even at this moment it is not an unusual custom with the Turks to unite in marriage their slaves with their daughters. It has been observed, that Hassan, who, in his time, was commander of 5000 men in Cairo, was the slave of his predecessor Kamel, a renowned warrior, who gave his daughter in marriage to him, and that he left, at his death, a great portion of his immense wealth to this adopted son. This practice is not, however, peculiar to the Turks, nor has it originated in any of the precepts of the Mahomedan religion, for we find, in scripture, it occurred among the Israelites, and it is not so stated as to imply any thing extraordinary.

'These observations, however, with respect to the treatment of the slaves, apply only to the conduct of the opulent. It appeared to me, that the indigent, who, in all countries, are less careful of their offspring than the rich, owing, most likely, to their feeling the burden of providing for them so much greater, are, in this country, woefully negligent.'

Cairo is as memorable for hatching chickens by the artificial heat of ovens, as Piccadilly is likely to become a few years hence. Unfortunately, a sufficient quantity had not been collected, and Mr. W. could not see the process, which, however, he may now do at home; but if our readers are half as much of a devotee as Mr. Wilson, they will blame us for not at once proceeding to Jerusalem, which we shall do the moment we have let Mr. Wilson describe the feelings with which he approached the scene of the glory and fall of the Jews:—

'Any language that I could use would fall infinitely short of conveying to the mind of the reader, the emotions with which I was seized on beholding the holy city, with its towers, minarets, mosques, monasteries, and, in particular, the dome over the church of the Holy Sepulchre, sparkling under the setting of a glorious sun. On this spot the

voice of the Eternal himself sounded: the great Redeemer proclaimed his divinity, and shed his precious blood on the cross, as a voluntary sacrifice to satisfy the offended justice of heaven, for that violation of the law which had been committed by man, thus making reconciliation between the creator and the creature, and establishing that happiness which is everlasting. At this never-to-be-forgotten moment, I was thrown into a transport of holy awe and joy, which elevated my heart. As by an immediate impulse, I leaped from my mule, threw off my shoes, and, falling down in humility, saluted the ground, exclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men."

We have already noticed Mr. Wilson's frequent allusions to scripture: these are sometimes tantalizing, for he gives so many references without the passages referred to, that it is necessary to have his book in one hand and the Bible in another, and then, by turning from one to the other, the continuity in reading is lost; a proof of this will be seen by the following quotation:—

'The doors of the houses are remarkably low and narrow, and admission can only be had by stooping. This is particularly the case in the entrances of the convents; they may properly be denominated wicket-gates. This arises, in all probability, from an extreme jealousy on the part of the Christians, that if they were large, the possession might be invaded with greater facility by the Mahomedans, who would ride into the courts, plunder the house, and commit every kind of outrage. When a knock is heard at the gates, the greatest caution is observed in opening them. This mode of building appears singularly to correspond with the observation of Solomon, respecting the danger to be apprehended by forming gateways too great in height.* Some of these are made of brass and iron, and others of heavy wood, strengthened by enormous nails, and massy bars of iron.† It is probably to such gates the psalmist refers.‡ We further find they are alluded to when the angel of the Lord liberated Peter from his captivity.§ The massive gates of this city are regularly shut every evening, to insure tranquillity, at the going down of the sun, and opened again at sun-rise, which evidently has been an ancient practice.|| One of these, called the Golden Port, fronts the Mount of Olives; and it is said that our Lord entered in triumph through it to the city. It is, however, now closed. Many of the keys of the doors are formed in a singular manner. These are made of wood, about a foot in length and half an inch in thickness, having at one end of them pieces of small iron pikes, the size of nails, which are equal to the number of bolts introduced into the lock. Many of the houses are built of stone and some of brick, dried by the heat of the sun. It is to these perishable materials, no doubt, and so liable to be

damaged by the heavy rains of the climate, that one of the prophets adverts;¶ and the same comparison is strikingly made between angels and human beings.* When I reflected on the friable nature of bricks thus formed, I was convinced that the straw the Israelites required for those which they made for the use of the Egyptians, was applied to form a connecting fibre, as it were, to the body of the brick, being mixed up with the clay, and sams not, as commonly supposed, to assist in burning them. The great impression of the weather on buildings constructed with these unburnt bricks is soon perceptible. The heat tends to pulverize them, and the rain to affect their stability. The streets, in dry weather, are suffocating with dust, and, in wet, almost impassable with a slough of mud. It is not, therefore, to this that we find the allusion of the prophet?† Images of abundance in our country, would not, perhaps, be taken from such objects, although we find something similar. In Scotland we hear of a superfluity of riches being compared to "slate stones;" and in England, to a street "paved with gold." These are figurative expressions, very frequently applied to denote unmeasurable wealth.

'Although the population of Jerusalem, as I observed, amounts to 25,000, yet it might contain a greater number, if all the houses in a dilapidated state were repaired and inhabited. It has in many parts of it a very deplorable appearance; it resembles a line of dead wall, on which the ivy has stretched itself; or as there are few or no windows looking into the streets, it makes the resemblance more perfect. The Turks reside in the district called Harrat-El-Muslim; they have about twelve mosques: the Jews reside in that named Harrat-El-Youd.

'To a person coming direct from England, the general appearance of the interior of Jerusalem would undoubtedly be considered as strikingly wretched; but my eyes had been prepared by such a series of misery and poverty in the land of Egypt, that, perhaps, I might be justified in saying, the city seemed to me, in some degree, to merit the epithet of magnificent.

'The streets are exceedingly steep, dirty, and narrow. Some of them have very small foot paths, about two feet and a half wide; they resemble those of Pompeii, near Naples, and are in very bad repair, the stones being loose and broken. In perceiving many of the rising generation amusing themselves in them, I was reminded of the language which was so applicable in the book of truth ‡ Many of the buildings are, indeed, in a miserable state of ruin and neglect.§ The ruins afford materials for various purposes, especially in keeping in proper repair the walls which surround the city, which appears a singular confirmation of the words of prophecy.|| In some parts

* Prov. xvii. 19.

† 1 Kings iv. 13.

‡ Psalm cvii. 16.

§ Acts, xii. 10.

|| Nehemiah, vii. 3.

¶ Isaiah, ix. 9, 10.

* Job. iv. 18, 19.

† Zechariah, ix. 3.

‡ Job, xxvii. 16. 1 Kings,

x. 27.

§ Zechariah, viii. 5.

|| 1 Kings, x. 27.

¶ Isaiah, xxii. 10.

are lofty cedars, which remind us of those which were planted here by the wise man. A gloom and melancholy appear to reign throughout the whole of this once most splendid place, which is now shut in, and looks like a kind of castle or fortification. On viewing it, a serious spectator is deeply interested with the accuracy of prophecy.* The Latin Convent is of considerable extent, and forms a kind of fortress. Besides the fraternity of about forty friars, it is capable of accommodating a larger number, and also many pilgrims, from the variety of cells and apartments it contains. As I was not permitted to sit at table with the friars, provisions were served up in my cell, and I was often intruded upon by some of them paying visits during the time I was partaking of them. No pilgrim is allowed at any time to sit down to eat or drink with the monks in a body in their hall, although this privilege was extended to me at Joppa and Ramah, and may occur at those convents where the friars are but few in number.

Whether Turkish probity is an innate principle or the consequence of severity, may be doubted, but dishonesty is certainly rare. Mr. W. in his account of Jerusalem, says:—

'A considerable sensation was excited when I was here, in consequence of a Turk having presented to another, who kept a bazar, a gold coin, demanding small change in return, when the shopkeeper gave him less than the law had fixed as the value of it. Remonstrance being in vain, a representation was made to the governor, who, according to the summary mode in which justice is administered, punished the Turk, by instantly ordering his ear to be nailed to the door of his shop, where he was for some hours exposed to public view, in a state of torment. Punishment is severely inflicted on those who use false weights, and cut the coin which has been duly weighed.'

Mr. Wilson's account of the Holy Land is altogether so pious, so minute, and written with so much enthusiasm, that we wonder it never occurred to the Religious Tract Society to adopt it for distribution: we are sure it is better than one half the absurd trash they circulate. In noticing the giving of presents to the governor of Jerusalem and his servants, Mr. Wilson is very anxious to show that this was no innovation, but that gifts were offered to the ancient prophets; but surely it cannot be necessary to contend for the universal feeling of self-interest, or the love of receiving a bribe, when our deans and chapters at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey seem so anxious to have it even by two-penny fees. After a ramble to the Dead Sea, Mr. W. returned to Jerusalem, where he was in some danger of being converted from Protestantism, had he not been proof against any temptation of the sort. On leaving Jerusalem, Mr. Wilson proceeded to Beer, the Michmash of scripture, where we have an interesting digression on camels:—

'These quadrupeds halt a short time during their journeys at particular fountains

which have been built by pious Mahomedans at certain places, from which time and distance are calculated previous to the guides setting out on a journey. The sight is interesting at some of these resting-places, from the crowd of camels which are seen on their knees in a kind of methodical order, with the keepers sitting cross-legged, under trees for shelter from heat, partaking of refreshments and smoking their pipes. They never touch these things until the camels are supplied with such provisions as are necessary. Distances of time are often calculated according to the length of the shadow of the camel about sunset. Further, camels constitute a great part of the wealth of an Arab; nay, I may add, they are his whole treasure. In his eyes their number is held in higher estimation than even bags of money; and, as formerly remarked, they entered into that part of the calculation which was formed of the wealth of Job. It may appear extraordinary that these people, by whom they are considered as sacred objects, should emphatically call them "their ships." It is supposed that the patriarch, in speaking of his time upon earth hastening like "swift ships," had these animals in his view.

'The extreme usefulness of camels, and their capability of transporting enormous piles of merchandise to a vast distance, especially along the most dreary deserts, is as surprising as their patience under ponderous weights. They are graceful in form; the neck approaches in some degree to the front part of a vessel; the eyes are keen, and they proceed at a steady pace; but to quicken their motions, the whip is rarely, if at any time, applied. It is a surprising circumstance, that these animals are supposed to smell water at the distance perhaps of a mile; and the powers they exercise in sustaining hunger, thirst, and incessant toil, under a burning sun, is also striking; without the accommodation afforded by them, these dreary regions never could be traversed by man. Should it, however, occur that his camels are cut off by accident, in the course of these journeys, the loss is altogether irreparable to the traveller, and must inevitably be followed by the sacrifice of his own life. A canal or reservoir, to contain water, and equal to a fifth part of the stomach, belongs peculiarly to this animal, with which the food never interferes. Notwithstanding, they may in general be considered submissive and inoffensive, yet, since they retain long a sense of injury offered, and watch an opportunity to exercise their revenge, I perceived it was always found necessary to keep the jaw firmly muzzled by a chain or rope, to prevent an attack from their teeth, by which they are led by the keepers. During the period of halting at any place to rest, they are made to kneel down as of old, by being gently touched on the fore legs; and two of the legs are frequently tied, to prevent them from rising and straying from their keepers. It is in this position they are loaded, unloaded, and also mounted. The weight of their burden is at once ascertained, when a particu-

groan is uttered; and it sometimes happens that, on finding themselves painfully loaded, they refuse to move a step until the burden is lightened. Although, as I formerly observed, they walk at the rate of two miles an hour, yet, upon extraordinary occasions, they are known to travel to a very great distance in the course of a single day. The female camel continually gives milk, which, it is singular, is not interrupted at the period when with young. No inconsiderable value was attached to this species, in the earliest age, when they were added to the gifts of Jacob. The manure of camels often supplies the deficiency of fuel in the deserts, as it kindles quickly, and affords heat; and their soft hair, as it drops off periodically, is manufactured into articles of clothing, and applied to purposes connected with the tents of their owners. It may be here added as a singular circumstance, that in the neighbourhood of Pisa, in Italy, there is a race of camels which were brought from the East during the period of the Crusades.'

We find we must leave Mr. Wilson for the present, and shall reserve further extracts and observations for another week.

The Months of the Year; or, Conversations on the Calendar. A Compendium of Biography, History, and Chronology, explaining the many Remarkable Events recorded in the Almanack. 12mo. pp. 322. London, 1824.

WITHOUT in the least detracting from the merit of this work, we cannot agree with the author, that the prevailing ignorance as to the origin and signification of the various particulars noticed in the calendar, arise from the want of a book to explain them, since ten or a dozen volumes of that popular little work, *Time's Telescope*, have been published with that avowed object. Nor are we altogether certain that the conversational form is the best for conveying information, such as that contained in the *Months of the Year*. No apology, however, was necessary for a volume like the one before us. It is replete with interesting information which every person ought to know, and is calculated at once to amuse and instruct. As a proof of this and a specimen of the style, we select the account of Whitsuntide, which at least has the merit of being seasonable:—

'Charles. Pray what is the meaning of the term Whitsuntide?

'Mr. Constance. Various definitions have been given. It used to be customary to baptise at this season of the year, as well as at Easter, when those persons who had received that important rite, as also those who were about to receive it, were expected to appear in white garments, and hence is the name of Whit-Sunday. The Greeks, for the same reason, call it Bright Sunday, on account of the many bright white garments which were then worn. Pentecost, by which the season of Whitsuntide is understood, is a term derived from the Greek, and signifies Fiftieth. It is applied to a feast celebrated by the Jews, fifty days after their passover, in commemoration of

* Isaiah, xxiv. 12. Lam. ii. 15.

the law being delivered to Moses from Mount Sinai on that day: while the Christians, seeing that the descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles was at an equal distance from their feast of Easter, retained the title of Pentecost in our church for the Christian festival of Whitsuntide, or rather to express the whole period of time from Easter to Whit-Sunday.

Charles. The three days after Whit-Sunday are red letter days; are there any particular services on those occasions?

William. Whit-Monday, Whit-Tuesday, and Whit-Wednesday, are now merely kept as holidays, their religious character being almost extinct. Notwithstanding, the collects and other services are extremely appropriate, and esteemed by the truly pious.

Maria. Although Whitsuntide is still a season of amusement, I have understood that great alteration has taken place within the last two centuries, as to the manner and kind of the popular festivities. Plays, founded on sacred subjects, I believe, were formerly enacted in the principal towns.

Mr. Constance. They were so; and which representations afforded opportunity for a variety of impious and irreverent displays.

They consisted of the most striking incidents of the Old and new Testament dramatized, and performed on moveable stages or theatres, so as to enable the exhibitors to pass from one street to another; and as it was usual for many companies to be engaged at one time, it was not an unfrequent occurrence, to see a dozen or twenty of these pageants in a day.

Charles. Were the performances in dumb show, by puppets, or with dialogue, by living characters?

Mr. Constance. With dialogue in old English rhyme, aided by scenery representing the heavens, &c.; and the performances in some of the principal towns of the kingdom, were so attractive as to draw forth the nobility from a distance, and even royalty itself. Coventry especially, which was famous for its pageants (forty manuscripts of which are now preserved in the British Museum), was honoured, in 1483, by the presence of Richard III. as also, in 1492, by Henry VII. and his queen, to witness the performance of these sacred mysteries or plays.

William. Who were the performers?

Mr. Constance. In some instances the friars, but more frequently the trading company, each company having its pageant or part. The Feast of Fools, the Feast of the Ass, and the Boy Bishop, were a kind of religious farces: and as they are of very early origin, having been first practised in the Greek church, little doubt can be entertained but that they were instituted for the purpose of weaning the people from the Bacchanalian and other calendar solemnities. The better sense of the people has now, however, abolished these profane practices; and, although the season of Whitsuntide is frequently celebrated by noisy mirth, few instances of studied impiety are to be observed.

The Witch-Finder; or the Wisdom of our Ancestors.

(Concluded from p. 339.)

IN our preceding notice of this excellent romance, we stated generally the subject on which it is founded: we did not give an outline of the story, nor shall we now, although in point of story, incident, and description, the *Witch-Finder* is admirable; and is even superior to any of the author's preceding successful works. He has a happy talent of identifying himself so closely with the time in which the scene of his work is laid, that you would suppose it written at the moment, while the information and the reflections bring you at once to yesterday. In the novel before us, there is much recondite matter which is highly curious and apposite, and the work is one which the antiquary will peruse with pleasure, and the mere novel reader admire. We will exemplify our remarks by one entire scene, a tale of hapless love:—

“Will you that I shall hie to the town and call a surgeon?” one of the by-standers inquired. Johnson sighed deeply, and turning abruptly to him who had spoken, replied—“Fool!—If there is one who can wake the dead,—who can bring back breathing and consciousness, let him be brought hither. He who can only aid the living is not wanted.”

Another solemn pause succeeded. A deeply-drawn sigh from Albert, who leaned over the corpse with unaffected woe, attracted the father's notice. He looked round, and seemed to wonder that he was not alone.

“Leave me,” he cried. “I want you not.”

The men to whom his speech was addressed proposed to retire. They were about taking Albert from the parlour, having torn off his disguise, when Johnson perceiving their design, interfered to prevent the execution of it.

“He may remain,” cried the mourner. “I wish to be miserable, and therefore would be alone with the child that has been destroyed, and him who conducted her to death.”

They left the room. Johnson took the hand of his departed daughter, and steadfastly contemplated her pallid face.

“Ill-fated one!” he exclaimed, “thus terminates in blood and violence thy brief career! Is this disfigured earth the lovely one who, ere my life had been drawn off quite to the lees, with guileless love and undissembling smiles, could render even me sensible of softer touches, and almost make me human? Mine was a spirit—whence sent, and whither destined I know not,—but here it never felt itself at home; yet thy sweetness, though it could not subdue me to the happy tranquillity of others, made the exile feel some tie to earth. It is broken—and thou, thou,” he added, turning fiercely to Albert, “thou shalt dearly answer for it, for dissolving the last, the only connection between me and humanity.”

“Not now,” said Albert, “not now, when the father's heart is torn with bitter anguish for a daughter's loss, will I charge you with the wrong which I have sustained, or vindicate myself.”

“Vindicate thyself!” Johnson vehemently repeated; “Vindicate thyself to me! The thought is insolence.—Know you what this being, faded and abased as you behold her, was once? Look to the sky, when blushing morning comes,—look on the flowery earth when spring's gay treasures are all displayed in rich, fragrant, and endless variety, or look on the fairest diamond that ever was snatched from the bosom of the mine,—nor in heaven above—nor on the earth which we inhabit, nor in the waters and fathomless depths that lie beneath, shall aught be found that can image the beauty, sweetness, and radiant glory, which, time was, graced this now appalling object.”

“Believe me, I know how to commiserate the awful change, and deplore the event.”

“Dissembler, peace! but for thee and thy like, such as I have described her, she had flourished still. Revenge thy fate beforehand, if thou wilt. Look on these unmanly tears which inundate a face never so visited before. Enjoy them. They are genuine! They are not like those of the crocodile—and yet they are, for his are but the precursors of destroying fury.”

“I would not disturb you, sir, by my speech, whatever, under other circumstances, I might be prompted to reply; and I cannot mock your present affliction.”

“Nay, do it. My torture is a banquet to which you are invited, in return for having served up this bleeding bosom for my night repast. Oh, Henrietta! is it thus I see thee? Is this inanimate countenance that on which I once doated? Are these sunken eyes, those which once could answer with intelligence too swift for speech, a father's searching glance; which, lighted up with mirth, seemed to have borrowed the glistening brightness of the morning star; or, fixed in pensive thoughtfulness, beamed with the soft splendour of the amethyst?”

Sobs interrupted his utterance, and the desolate father appeared sinking beneath the sorrows which overwhelmed him. Albert stepped forward to sustain him.

“Away!” he cried, resuming all the firmness of bitter resentment. “The prop of my days is no more. Thy hand, which could remove, never, never shall replace it. This was imaged to me before, and more than once. There was a fruit-tree which I noted. Repeated blights destroyed it. Red tumours spotted its perished bark; its boughs crumbled beneath the touch, and dust was emitted whence foliage should have sprung. But a tall taper off-set rose from its root. The life deserted trunk, I likened to myself; but for this gay off-set, I cried, anon

it shall be grafted and rise aloft, higher than ever the ruined parent grew, and bear the noblest fruit.' An unseen hand destroyed it. The offspring miserably perished, while the parent still defaced my garden—still lingered the wretched object of desertion and decay."

"Surely, sir, even in the tempest of your grief, you must be sensible that I am not—" he faltered, fearful of venturing to allude to Henrietta,—"that I am not the destroyer of your daughter."

"Speak not to me, till thou art called upon to answer. But go on. Now is the time to torture me. Thou hast done it by reminding me with cruel coward hesitation, that this dust while it had life was frail. I know it. I said it was imaged to me more than once. I remembered near the bower in my garden, there was a beauteous *passion flower*, which I had watered and tended through the season with more than common care. One morning I found that it had been trodden down and crushed. Effingham's foot-mark was near, but he himself was absent. I was angry, but thought not of nature's sympathies, nor deemed that, in the *passion flower* thus trampled upon and blasted, I read my daughter's history."

Albert attempted to assure Johnson that he had meant no allusion of the nature supposed, but his words were unheeded. The father was wholly occupied with the contemplation of his daughter's death. He relinquished the hand which he had held, and placed his arm now on her cheek, now on her forehead, and now on her blood-stained bosom. Again his eyes returned to her ghastly countenance, and the voice of miserable reflection became once more audible.

"Thou hast passed away! In thy latest moments the unkindness of thy father was present to thy thoughts! I blame thee not! Harsh I was, but it was my nature originally; at last it was policy, for it was only when I relaxed the protecting severity which watched over thee from infancy, that thou becamest the spoiler's prey. It was then that the angel-face which I had so long gazed upon, which, fresh from a heavenly mould, so looked that I was even almost persuaded what was so bright could not be mortal—could not have been fashioned to bloom but for a moment; it was when vigilance had resigned her seat to indulgence, that it was first manifest it could decay, and its splendour and its sweetness were no more."

Albert looked on the tears which bedewed the repulsive features of Johnson with interest and with sympathy. Though a stranger to gentleness, and familiar with crime, the unlooked-for catastrophe caused sorrow to prelude the inmost recesses of his mind. If in words he defended the severities which he had used, and only deplored the failure of them, his plaintive tone and his really disconsolate air told that the recollection of these was a source of excruciating pain. He strove to shake off the excess of woe which unmanned

him, and resuming his sternness with his wonted resolution, he turned from the corpse to Albert.

"Enough of sorrow," he cried. "I have wept like a woman, but I will act, and that promptly too, like a man. Look on this ruin, and see what thou hast done! Hadst thou accepted the hand which was offered to thee,—which Henrietta was content to bestow—this had never chanced."

"Sir—sir, indeed you are mistaken; and I hold it but justice to the deceased to say she was little likely in this to meet your wishes. To have welcomed a new lover was that which she could not do with sincerity, and was therefore indisposed to do it all."

"This is folly. Though my child, she was mortal, and a female; and when her Effingham had passed away, kindness had soon taught her to love again. But this was prevented by your pride. Her ingenuous weakness came to the support of that pride, and she has fallen its victim. Wretched boy! you know not what it is that you have done. You dream not of what I, in the fulness of time, might have accomplished in your behalf."

"That sir, be it what it may, I less regret than the tragical event which I have witnessed."

"Insolently shrinking from that union which you considered humiliating, you have destroyed yourself. My child must to the sepulchre. You will not long survive her. Had you been content to heal the wound, so far as might be, which I had sustained; had you availed yourself of the proffered kindness to which you were lately invited, without forfeiting Challoner's friendship, you should have risen to greatness, to which, in thought, you cannot now attain, even were a century's life accorded."

"I wish not now to wound your feelings. I have, however, only regulated my conduct by a sense of duty."

"You have so regulated it as to bring ruin, hopeless ruin, on your friends; and on yourself, besides destruction, such a weight of disgrace as shall oppress your memory for ever."

"If no alternative remained, but that I must endure or merit disgrace, I still regret not the course I have pursued."

"But it will cost thee life."

"That I understand, and am content to part with it rather than retain it with shame."

"Such is the weak original resolve of every foolish boy. For a brief season in life's early day it was mine. But I have since learned to know my nature better, and feel that in age, in despised age and misery, still, my spirit, though ever deemed one of more than common daring, clings to this existence, not from love of it, but from dread of what may follow."

"That dread, no cruelty which wrath may threaten or vengeance inflict, can make me know."

"When you shall see that the escape

which you now contemplate is impossible, you will probably change your opinion. Others have professed to be as well content to die, who, when the last moment approached, have not been sparing of their tears and frantic lamentations. But we shall to the proof anon. Till now, I have but sported with you. The brief imprisonment which you have known was not intended to terminate as it shall do. Acting with prudence, you had gone at large, rich in wealth, and the lord of beauty."

Albert looked at Johnson with an expression of countenance which the latter deemed a reproach.

"I understand," cried the father of Henrietta, "that disdainful glance. You would repel the idea of being related to me—of being the husband of her whom your projects have numbered with the dead. This, if it were ignominy, I will tell, would have brought so many advantages in its train, that the well-taught world had never pointed the finger of scorn at you."

"I should still despise those advantages if my own heart approved not of the means by which they had been acquired."

"Your heart, no doubt, can only lean to the sublimer virtues. Which of these induced the sacrilegious foolery of this night, and taught you to put on the attire of the dead, to mock the awful secrets of the world of spirits?"

"I have been guilty of no such mockery in putting on a disguise to escape from unjust thralldom."

"Still exult in Pharisee-like self-applause—still boast of the purity of your heart, and of the rectitude of your actions! My weakness might have been worked upon, had you pursued a different course. I might have favoured the return of the descendant of him who gave my father to the rack. His awful spirit but lately stood before me. I saw him with these eyes of earth, and his stern frown reproved my weakness. Shade of the tortured Guido! my wanderings are no more! This night of horror recalls me to the path of duty and of vengeance. I will pursue it with steadiness. Thy blood, thou wretched stripling, be on thine own head, nor thine alone, but that of all the friends of Charles Stuart, whom chance may place where I have influence. To the council thy guilt shall be established with that of Challoner so clearly, that none shall hesitate to doom thee to death. Challoner, while he sees thee involved in the same ruin, shall believe the first discovery owing to thy perfidy, and rejoice that the imperfect villainy secures thine own downfall."

"And is it in new plans of fraud and murder, that a father seeks consolation for a daughter's death?"

"The just destruction of enemies is not murder. Even the law sanctions homicide in self-defence, when the blow is about to be struck. In my case, reason but improves upon the law, takes the decisive step in time, and cuts off those

who wait for it arrives. W suggested, this Henrietta) now shall not pass open, close a rearing night, to give you up wealth."

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Second Letter other Poem

8vo. pp. 4

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who wait for a fit season to strike before it arrives. What my own safety lately suggested, this bleeding form (pointing to Henrietta) now enjoins. Another day shall not pass—nay, another day shall not open, close as the morning now presses on rearing night, ere I take the needful steps to give you up as a traitor to the commonwealth.”

Our previous extracts were rather of an antiquarian and descriptive character, and exhibited the author's talents in that line; the above is a domestic scene, full of nature and pathos; it displays characters strongly contrasted, and is a picture of human nature under strong excitement. The characters in the romance are all well drawn; we repeat that it is well calculated to sustain the reputation of the author.

Second Letter to a Friend in Town, and other Poems. By CHANDOS LEIGH, Esq. 8vo. pp. 44. London, 1824.

MR. LEIGH is not only the patron of poets, under whose auspices many a first-born has been ushered to the public, but he is also a poet himself; and although we are not certain whether his Second Letter ever had a first, yet if this is not the case, it is not his first sin in poetry. The Second Letter is rather of a moral character, and contains some just reflections, in easy verse, interspersed with a few satirical remarks: we take a specimen of each:—

“Oft have we sought the theatre; and felt
That there, embodied there, Rome's genius dwelt,

When Kemble, like the god-like hero, shone
Among inferior lights, a sun alone!
Adored by thousands, such his happy lot—
He was but yesterday; and now—forgot.
Thus as old time turns round his wheel, uprise,
And fast descend, the mighty and the wise!
A few eulogiums in the journal tell
How wise they were, how mighty, then—farewell!”

Poor Mr. Irving, who seems to be a target at which every author thinks himself at liberty to discharge one arrow from his quiver, comes in for a hit, though not a very hard one, in the following passage:—

“Say, dost thou seek the Caledonian squeeze,
Where few can stand, and fewer sit with ease?
Where Irving's glowing oratory shows
The skeleton at least of Taylor's prose!
Or, blest with better taste, wilt thou not hear
Andrews, as eloquent, and far more clear?
Then, at a brother lawyer's country seat,
In social converse find a sabbath treat?”

The Queen of Golconda's Fête and a Song are the other poems in this unassuming little work.

Flowers of Literature. Collected by F. CAMPBELL, Esq. 12mo. pp. 376. London, 1824.

THESE flowers bloom not for the first time in the bouquet before us, though they are here first collected and entwined into an harmonious wreath. They are, in short, a judicious selection of choice pieces, from various modern works in the several branches of literature.

The Privileges of the University of Cambridge; together with additional Observations on its History, Antiquities, Literature, and Biography. By GEORGE DYER.

(Concluded from p. 357.)

THE second volume of Mr. Dyer's excellent work is, with the exception of an elegant Latin dissertation, devoted to a Supplement to his History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge, and contains a mass of valuable and interesting, though necessarily desultory matter, connected with that university. A less ingenuous author than Mr. Dyer would have withheld much of this supplement, but he is honest enough to confess errors of omission or commission, and to make the only proper atonement, emendation. As we do not mean to render our review a substitute for Mr. Dyer's supplement to his history, we shall not notice those trifling errors he has been so anxious to correct, but shall, on the contrary, turn to his additional matter, which will supply us with a few agreeable extracts, of a critical, historical, and biographical nature. Among the hints for improving the town of Cambridge, which are sensible and judicious, Mr. Dyer recommends an associated insurance office, in which every inhabitant should insure on a plan somewhat similar to that adopted in some parts of Germany, where the owner of every house is compelled to insure at an easy rate. One advantage of this plan is, that all persons are interested in extinguishing or preventing fire.

Archbishop Herring.—Archbishop Herring's name stands more immediately connected with the rebellion in 1745. He was the first who gave the alarm: and, by his spirited Address, on September 24, 1745, a subscription of 40,000*l.* was raised by the nobility, clergy, and gentry of Yorkshire, for the defence of the county; and his Address to the Duke of Cumberland, July 23, 1746, after his victory at Culloden, is very masterly. It is said by some, that he headed the troops in his own country: which, whether true or not, there is a ludicrous print of him, habited partly as a bishop, and partly as a soldier, under the title of the Military Champion, or the Church-Militant: and the wags of the time called him the Red Herring.

Loyal Astrologer.—W. Oughtred, B. D. an eminent mathematician, author of *Horiographia Geometrica*, written when he was but twenty-three years old. He was also deep in astrology and alchemy. He used, says John Aubrey, to talk much of the maiden earth for the philosopher's stone, and said he could make that stone. Benjamin, his son, said he was sure he understood magic. Aubrey, who knew the son, has given a curious account of the father. It has been said, he died with joy, being a zealous loyalist, for the coming in of Charles II. He was born near Windsor, 1574, and died 13th June, 1660.

But perhaps the most generally interesting portions of Mr. Dyer's work are the Cambridge Fragments, and a connected History of the Rise and Progress of Print-

ing at Cambridge, which is carefully written and displays great research; it is, however, from the fragments that we shall form our remaining selections, although some of them appeared about twenty years ago, in a periodical work, to which they were communicated by Mr. Dyer:—

Gray on Ossian's Poems.—In the controversy concerning the authenticity of Ossian's poems, stress has sometimes been laid on the opinion of Gray, the poet. From two or three letters in the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Gray, by Mason, it appears, that our great Cambridge lyricist was not only an admirer of Ossian's Poems, but, at one time, a believer in their authenticity. Gray was a man of research and judgment: it should, therefore, be known, that he altered his opinion concerning the authenticity of these poems, though he never ceased to admire them, as compositions: but, if he corrected his judgment, he did not make a surrender of his candour. I allude to Johnson's illiberal remarks on the nationality of the Scotch, in his Journey to the Hebrides. The question concerning Ossian's poems is now settled; they are proved to be inauthentic, and—*Macphersonized.*

What is a Fellow of a College.—Edmund Gurney, B. D. was Rector of Edgefield, in Norfolk, formerly a Fellow of Bene't College. He was a man of humour, and stories of him were long recorded in the neighbourhood of his living. When he held a fellowship, the master of the college had a desire to get possession of the fellows' garden for himself. The rest of the fellows resigned their keys, but Gurney resisted both his threats and entreaties; and refused to part with his key. “The other fellows,” said the master, “have delivered up their keys.” “Then, master,” said Gurney, “pray keep them, and you and I will keep all the other fellows out.”—“Sir,” continued the master, “am I not your master?”—“Granted,” said Gurney, “but am not I your fellow?”

Mr. Burkitt.—Mr. William Burkitt, author of a *Practical Exposition of the New Testament*, and other religious books, was a facetious as well as a serious man. He was educated at Cambridge, and afterwards became minister of Dedham, in Essex. Going one Sunday to church, from the lecture-house (the minister's residence is so called), he met an old Cambridge friend, who was coming to give him a call before sermon. After the accustomed salutations, Burkitt told his friend, that as he had intended him the favour of a visit, his parishioners would expect the favour of a sermon. The clergyman excused himself, by saying he had no sermon with him: but, on looking at Burkitt's pocket, and perceiving a corner of his sermon-book, he drew it gently out, and put it in his own pocket. The gentleman then said, with a smile, “Mr. Burkitt, I agree to preach for you.” He did so; and preached Burkitt's sermon. He, however, appeared to great disadvantage after Burkitt; for he had a voice rough and untuneful, whereas Burkitt's was remarkably me-

ludious. "Ah!" said Burkitt to him, archly, after sermon, as he was approaching him in the vestry, "you was but half a rogue; you stole my fiddle, but you could not steal my fiddlestick."

Among Mr. Dyer's fragments are several of his own spirited translations of Latin poems, epigrams, &c.; he also gives a pretty piece by poor Christopher Smart, who is known by his poetic genius and his mental derangement. As it is original with Mr. D. we add it:—

**'LINES FOR A LADY'S POCKET BOOK,
BY CHRISTOPHER SMART.
FORMERLY OF PEMBROKE HALL.**

'Of all returns in man's device
'Tis gratitude that makes the price,
And what sincerity designs
Is richer than Peruvian mines:
Thus estimate the heart's intent,
In what the faithful hands present.
This volume soon shall worth derive
From what your industry shall give,
And then in every line produce
The tale of industry and use.
Here, too, let your appointments be,
And set down many a day for me;
Oh! may the year we now renew
Be stor'd with happiness for you;
With all the wealth your friends would
choose,
And all the praise which you refuse;
With love, sweet inmate of the breast,
And meekness, while in blessing, bless'd.'

'Mr. O. Cambridge, whose works have been lately published by his son, can claim only a nominal relation to our venerable mother, for he was of the University of Oxford. But most of his particular friends being of Cambridge, and he himself soon leaving Oxford, we have not scrupled to throw a good joke of his into very indifferent verse, and take the liberty of presenting it, in this form, to our Cambridge readers:—

*Mr. Cambridge, the Author of the World, to his
Wife, who taxed him with being absent
at Church.*

'Quoth Sylvia to her spouse at church one day,
"You know, my dear, folks come to church to pray;
But you ne'er say your prayers, nor sing a stave,
Absent, as if you had no soul to save."
"Pray hold your tongue," quoth Atticus, half
surl'd,
"I'm thinking, dearest, of another world."

'The following epigram, published at Cambridge, was written by a student of Trinity:—

*"On hearing that the French had melted down
their saints to purchase artillery.*

"Quoth a reverend priest to a less rev'rend friend,
'Where at length will the crimes of these
French villains end,
Who their saints and their martyrs thus im-
piously sell,
And convert into damnable engines of hell?'
'Prithee, why,' quoth his friend, 'are you so
much surpris'd,
That saints had their deserts, and were all ca-
noniz'd?'"

But we must not quote any more of these light pieces, or our readers will think Mr. Dyer has sunk the antiquary in the humour-

ist. On the contrary, his work exhibits much antiquarian research, to which his fragments form a pleasing relief.

The Pamphleteer. No. XLVI.

THE number of the Pamphleteer just published, contains the usual variety of interesting articles, many of which are original; this is the case with four out of the thirteen distinct pamphlets, of which the work consists: namely, Chevalier's Remarks on Suicide, Field's Ethics, Philo Junius on Reform, and a pamphlet on Political Economy. The remaining articles are reprints of some of the best pamphlets of the day, including Bowring on the Prisons in Spain and Portugal, General P  p  s Account of the Revolution in Naples, and Sir W. Hillary's Appeal on the Humanity and Policy of forming a National Institution for the Preservation of Lives and Property from Shipwreck,—an appeal which had the effect of gaining the object for which it was written. There is one advantage in the Pamphleteer, that while it preserves in a better form the light artillery of politics and literature, it gives the pamphlets to the public at about one fourth the price at which they are usually published.

**On the Nature and Symptoms of Cataract,
and on the Cure of that Disease. Illus-
trated by Cases. By JOHN STEVENSON,
Esq., Fellow of the Royal College of
Surgeons. 8vo. pp. London, 1824.**

MR. STEVENSON is so well known to the medical world for his suggestions on the best means of treating cataract, by his publications—first in the medical journals, and afterwards in a distinct treatise—that were our work read by members of the profession only, we should not deem it necessary to notice it; but as this is not the case, and Mr. Stevenson's work contains much valuable information on the symptoms of cataract, and the best means of treating it in its early stages, we give it our recommendation; since, by teaching a person his complaint and the best means of cure, he will be enabled to decide for himself; and in the case of cataract, will pause before he suffers his surgical attendants to resort to the operations of couching and extraction.

**The Complete Angler of ISAAC WALTON
and CHARLES COTTON. With 76 Wood-
Engravings and 14 Copper-Plates. Se-
cond Edition. 12mo. pp. 416. London,
1824.**

IT is very rarely that we notice second editions, but the fact is, that too much cannot be said in praise of Major's beautifully embellished work, Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler, which has so soon reached a second, and we may add, improved edition, though the former one combined so admirably the talents of the author, artist, and printer, that this may almost seem impossible. Mr. Major surely must be an angler, for mere trade would never, we should suspect, urge him to be so liberal of his embellishments as he is, in his incomparable edition of Walton's Angler.

**Monody on the Death of Lord Byron. By
THOMAS MAUDE, A. B.**

MR. MAUDE'S Monody has one great merit—nor is it the only one—that of brevity: it was written on the day on which the melancholy intelligence of the death of Lord Byron reached him, and is therefore to be considered as an extempore, and not a studied tribute to the memory of genius. It is alike creditable to Mr. Maude's talents and feeling; we cannot, however, without encroaching too far, quote more than the opening:—

'Gone in his days' meridian!—He, whose fame
Arose, o'ershadowing each exalted name,
Is dust ere now! And that triumphant lyre,
So often tun'd to breathing words of fire,
Is cold and mute.—

'When my young spirit first all thirsting flew
To the sweet fount of poesy, it found
Him lord supreme among the living crown'd,
And hailed his muse, and paid the homage due,
By his compelling mastery thrilled and
bound!

For he was in a splendid atmosphere
Of genius—light—the royalty of mind;
And his lays flowed like music on the ear,
Or like the violent rushing of the wind,
Or like the roar of a tumultuous sea,—
Tenderly touching, or with passion strong
Bearing and sweeping the whole heart along!
At least his song was puissant thus with me.

'His feet were set on ice—and, if he fell,
What marvel? In his free and open heart
There was the fire of genius and the pride,
And then he had no specious worldly art,
The eccentric movements of his thought
to hide.—

But he was loved by all who knew him well,
So let his failings now for ever sleep
In the dark tomb, o'er which the Muses weep:
And let his secret virtues—warm, sincere—
Their rainbow find in sorrow's generous tear!

**A Familiar and Explanatory Address to
young, uninformed, and scrupulous Chris-
tians, on the Nature and Design of the
Lord's Supper, &c. 12mo. pp. 199.
London, 1824.**

ALTHOUGH this work is of a somewhat graver character than those which usually present themselves before us, yet knowing that we have some religious readers by their reproofs for what they term our levity, we shall notice it, though briefly; for not only our table, but every chair in our study, groans under new works suing to be reviewed. The object of the author, who appears to be zealously religious, is to remove some scruples respecting the sacrament, and he is very successful in explaining its object, as well as he is in his directions as to the most profitable way of reading the scriptures. Several other articles are added, among which, one not the least useful is an explanation of those terms used in doctrinal writings which are not generally understood. To the young, uninformed, and scrupulous, this work will be acceptable, nor need the primate of all England disdain to honour it with a perusal.

ORIGINAL.

LORD BYRON.—MR. MOORE.—BYRON'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY.

Of all the extraordinary things going forward in these extraordinary times, the literary murder performed upon Lord Byron's memoirs strikes me, Mr. Editor, as the most remarkable, unjustifiable, and deplorable circumstance that has arisen in these eventful times.

I am far from being of opinion that the living should suffer through the dead,—that hearts should be wrung, and character wounded, for the sake of those who can no longer feel or suffer in either; but I yet maintain that the utter destruction of a document, written for the express purpose of publication by the person most concerned in it, most injured by its suppression,—the person who, in writing it, unquestionably tore open many a bleeding wound, and retraced many an agonizing hour,—is an act of cruelty and outrage against his will which few circumstances can palliate, but none can justify. Suppression for a few years evidently would have answered every purpose of sparing the feelings of those who might have been wounded by a publicity from which they might innocently shrink (if curtailment of such passages as affected them were inevitable); but utterly to *destroy* the work is an act of mental fratricide, combining, as it appears to me, the baseness of cruelty and cowardice towards one whose helplessness increases the guilt.

Whatever may be the opinion of the present generation, I am at least convinced that the future will think with me, and cry out aloud against the perpetrators of a deed which can never be repaired. Of all the works given by that mighty mind, that lofty genius (which alike rode in the whirlwind or sparkled in the sunbeam), not one, perhaps, would have been found more deeply interesting, more intensely commanding, than the history of his own heart,—the development of energies, passions, and peculiarities, all marked by sublimity and talent; and which, like the stricken rock in the wilderness, would flow from the fountain of memory in a distant land more fully and purely, less 'mixed with baser matter,' than they could have done when surrounded by persons and objects calculated to distract and harass him.

If Lord Byron was an erring man, of which we can have little doubt, since he has told us so himself, surely there is the more reason to listen to his apo-

logy, if he is able to make one; to detect the fallacy of his reasons, if he is not, and point out anew to ourselves the distinction between the genius we must admire and the virtue we ought to venerate. These are not times in which the most dazzling talents, the most alluring sophistry, can injure any but willing victims; and it would be the perfection of cant for any man to say 'that he could not in conscience' read any work which Lord Byron could or would write. In fact, we all know that more has been said on this point already than the subject warranted. It is, however, no bad sign of the times, that a holy jealousy, a vigilant guarding of the public mind, even towards *him* who was the master-spirit of the age, the prince of our princely race of poets, has been evinced; but, since we have done so much in the way of warning him and guarding ourselves, surely we might have joyfully, thankfully, accepted from him the most endearing of all legacies—his *own portrait* by his *own pencil*.

Over this legacy, so desired, whether intended to sting to the heart a country he had renounced, or to prove he had yet reluctantly-owned, but fondly-nurtured, recollections of love for her, it is alike evident no private considerations or personal feelings could in justice decide. Byron could not fail to be aware of his own importance; he knew his country had an interest in him; knew, too, that she was proud of him, even when angry with him; and was aware that, as persons and incidents died away in her memory, that pride and love would increase, and, of course, that every circumstance, every thought, which recalled his genius, his opinions, his misfortunes, even his faults, to view, would possess an attraction similar to that he had himself felt for Tasso and Pope. In writing his life, he might be said to propitiate kindly feelings, to reward friendly exertions, to deprecate censure, to punish malignity, if it had existed, or to give the falsely-accused power of reply; to re-unite himself with his country and his kindred, and submit to their censure, or claim their support, as a man and a brother, no longer alienated by the stern sullenness of pride brooding over its wrongs, or the consciousness of sins which were, perhaps, falsely imputed.

That Mr. Moore has behaved, personally, with great delicacy and generosity in this case, admits of no doubt, carrying his independence and liberality even to a fault (since no one can

doubt that his noble friend intended to present him with pecuniary advantage); but I still think that he has done a *very wrong* thing, for which amiable intention may apologize, but cannot atone, unless he is so gifted as to be able to sit down and write the whole MSS. over again. Most fervently do I hope that he will consult no other muse but that of memory till something of this kind is done; and I could almost wish that the great bard might be present to his eye, as an avenging angel, every hour in which the work remains incomplete. No paltry feeling of curiosity dictates this desire, for, I repeat it, should there be improper blame given by the irritated author to any human being, the work may, and ought perhaps, to be repressed for a given period; but beyond that consideration not even Lady Byron can have claims, and her's are, without doubt, infinitely stronger than any other person's.

That our great poet has spoken any thing besides the truth, I cannot, for one moment, suppose (for his faults were all of a distinct class from fraud or equivocation); and surely if he can (even from the grave) vindicate himself in one point where suspicion has injured his name, throw light on any transaction in which he has been traduced, the opportunity ought not only to be afforded him, but most readily accorded by those who have either been instrumental in producing such obloquy, or partaken the suffering which has arisen from it. Alas! in this world the innocent must often suffer with the guilty, and for the guilty; but as it is certain that there is nearly as much sorrow arising from casual and trifling error as actual sin,—that mistakes and accidents in their effects on temper are as often fatal to happiness and character as the most determined vice,—so it surely becomes us all cautiously to examine every claim on our attention, which would exonerate from crime or recommend to mercy one whom we are compelled to admire, and earnestly desire to love.

That reports may arise, so aided by circumstance that they assume the appearance of ascertained facts, and are yet devoid of all truth, none can deny who have looked into the world and observed the progress of opinion and the influence of prejudice; but yet it is certain that there are few minds not willing, in time, to exchange received sentiments for more ameliorated views, and resign once obstinately defended assertions, as a reparation due to the injured. Shall Lord Byron, of all other

men, be denied the benefit of such examination?—the poet who has charmed his own country, awakened the admiration of all Europe, and, in devoting himself to the cause of Greece, proved an elevation of spirit, a chivalrous grandeur of soul, and heroic courage, not exceeded by the proudest names of antiquity that country can boast?—Forbid it, Heaven.

What would we not all give for the life of Shakspeare? How often has it been matter of lamentation that we have so little of him to whom we owe so much, in his domestic habits, his feelings on common subjects, and those every-day occupations to which such a man would give the charm of novelty and the endearment of brotherhood. What should we say if it appeared that he had bequeathed us his life, but it was destroyed by a Cromwellian in the blindness of his fanatic zeal? Would not every Briton feel that he had sustained a personal injury? Yet surely the puritan's reasons, however ridiculous, would have been far better than any which can, by dint of the most far-fetched casuistry, be offered for the present sacrifice! He might believe he did God service,—he might be *conscience bound*; but a few, and only a very few, persons, for a very few years, could, at the worst, have been offended by the work in question.

If it be said, 'that the noble author would have been injured in his own character by the publication of this work;'—'that he had therein betrayed his own cause by the display of bad passions and improper conduct:' still we answer, suppression, or at least destruction, was equally wrong. Lord Byron wrote it when at full age and in the full command of his own powers; at a season when, although his sensibility was awake to all the good and evil of his past days, his opportunities for calm reflection and reason would inevitably operate also (a man cannot write a whole book in a passion); it therefore follows, that he had a right to be the judge himself in this case, and if, after all, he had suffered from the publicity given to his domestic conduct and his most private feelings, he yet chose to offer this life to the world, it must be gross affectation of tenderness which would withhold it. If he maturely did a thing which must injure him in the opinion of the wise and good, it is evident that he ought to be thus injured; justice demands her victim, and one so transcendantly gifted ought to be punished in proportion to the magnificence

of his mind, the extent of his talent, and his genius.

But this, Mr. Editor, is far, very far, from being the view I really have of Lord Byron and his memoirs. I have frequently considered him as a comet,—that 'glorious stranger' which, in its majestic and eccentric course, at once enchants, commands, and terrifies; but I do not, therefore, conclude him prophetic of woe or desolation, beyond the hour when we first were taught to behold him with alarm: and most earnestly would I add my feeble voice to those who implore restitution, so far as it can be obtained, of a work every man must desire his country to possess, and which it is the more necessary we should deplore, least the work of spoliation should go on, and other gems be sacrificed, for which no equivalent can ever be offered to ourselves or our children.

JONATHAN OLDWORTH.

ENIGMAS IN PROSE.—No. VIII.

ELUCIDATION OF ENIGMA VII.

AND what mighty enormous machine, it will be asked, am I then, that I am able to accomplish such prodigies of power, and that I exert such unexampled influence over the human race?—The question is, I allow, a natural one: and I have perhaps led the reader to entertain very erroneous notions as to my magnitude and corporeal importance. Let him not imagine that I am a bulky, complicated, and expensive apparatus—one that requires great physical or mechanical powers to set me in motion. So far is such from being the case, that the hand of an infant can grasp me.—What would you say, reader, should I inform you that I am a *feather*?—Your reply would be—'impossible! how can a feather produce such miraculous effects as those which you profess to do?' Simply, dear reader, by being converted into a *pen*.—'Pshaw, and is this all!'—Even so. Did you expect to find me some mystic talisman, with a portentous name,—some charm acting with unknown but irresistible influence on the destinies of man,—some wonderful mechanical force,—or something most rare and costly, that I should be able to sway the destinies both of nations and individuals? The organ of intelligence and thought, it is I who transmit the knowledge and wisdom of one age and country to other generations and to distant realms. It is I who render visible, as it were, on paper, the fugitive sounds of the human voice, so as to perpetuate the accents of the wise and great still

audible, and to enable those who live now to listen to the discourses of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. The trumpet, which poets have bestowed on fame, is but a feeble instrument compared with me; its sounds quickly die away.—True and permanent glory cannot be transmitted by any other agent than myself. Fame may indeed trumpet forth for a season, in her loudest tones, the names of many who are shortly heard of no more; but of those whom she destines to immortality, she inscribes the names in undecaying volumes. Let her henceforth always be represented with a pen in the right hand; for it is by means of the pen that she bestows her most lasting favours.

It is unnecessary to dwell longer on my valuable qualities, or to enumerate the advantages which mankind has derived from so simple and apparently insignificant an instrument as myself; but it behoves me also to acknowledge that I am too frequently the passive perpetrator of evil as well as of good—that I am often employed to scatter abroad slander, falsehood, and calumny—to pander to the passions and prejudices of mankind—to perpetuate delusion and error. So great, indeed, is my power that, if perverted to a bad use, the harm I commit cannot be inconsiderable. The tongue can utter either blessings or imprecations; can either instruct or deceive: so is it with me, who may be considered as a second and more powerful tongue, with which man speaks not only to those who actually hear the words of his lips, but to all, however remote from him in respect to place or time, who may thus receive the emanations of his mind.

ENIGMA VIII.

OF all the things yet devised for the amusement of John Bull, I may without vanity assert that I am the thing *par excellence*. Let no one, when they find me out, exclaim that I ought to be exposed and put down;—that men ought to be ashamed of countenancing and encouraging me:—that the sooner I am unmasked, the better. Melancholy indeed, I venture to prophesy, will be the day, should it ever arrive, when I shall be banished from this huge metropolis; I—who furnish existence to thousands, and amusement to all its inhabitants. I am aware that as soon as my name is heard, every one will disclaim having any connection with me; such is the way of the world: all affect to despise, to see through my arts—all laugh at me, while I, in the mean while, laugh at all the world, and

grow fat too.—On how many people in this strange whimsical world, do I help to bestow at least notoriety! I cater especially for newspapers, which, without my useful and simple aid, would frequently cut but a very sorry and meagre appearance. Another might perhaps affect a little diffidence and modesty in speaking of his merits; and I myself might do so too, did it at all answer my purpose; but as it certainly does not at present, I shall waive it altogether on the present occasion, and proceed to speak of my good qualities without any reserve or concealment. Be it known, then, that I am the great patron of those highly meritorious and ingenious artists* who favour the world with their astonishing discoveries made for the benefit of their fellow creatures,—to wit, people who promise to impart the most lucrative schemes to others, while they content themselves with a comparatively paltry remuneration,—those who engage to bestow the gift of tongues quite miraculously, in the space of a few hours or days, instead of requiring the tedious application of studying the idiom and genius of a language,—the inventors of *short cuts* and pleasant bye-paths to the sciences,—those, too, who deal in panaceas for every disorder incident to the human frame,—not forgetting those who have very notably found out that the greatest blessing consists in a fine head of hair, or some such important personal endowment indispensable to happiness, which they so liberally promise to bestow on those who are willing to participate in their bounty. These are some of my numerous clients, and I must confess that they are not ungrateful ones, for they exert themselves strenuously to promote my cause, and extend my influence. Of modern eloquence I may certainly be affirmed to be at once the ornament and the prop, *tutamen atque decus*—especially of that important branch of it which, by way of distinction, may be termed convivial, it being that employed at all public dinners. Were it not for the copious flow of language and compliments which I supply, how terribly laconic and *jejune* would these specimens of oratory become. My name, indeed, I must confess, is not the most dignified or classical one: but then what folly to suffer one's self to be prejudiced by a name,—since 'that which we call a rose, by any other name would

smell as sweet.' So I venture to say I am not a jot the worse for the awkward appellation which has been bestowed upon me. My friends, however, in the excess of their zeal, are always ready to bestow upon me some less invidious appellation, calling me Compliment, Courtesy, Public Spirit, or whatever else serves their purpose.

DULWICH WOOD: A SKETCH.

It was a glowing May morning; the sun went forth, riding through the blue expanse of heaven, as a bridegroom from his chamber, and as a giant rejoicing in his strength and delighting to run his course; each glancing ray beamed warmer than the last, and a mild west wind came over the face of nature, breathing its refreshing airs sweet as woman's balmy kiss. Here and there a fleecy cloud lightly tinged the blue heaven; the sun had gained his meridian height, and where the breeze blew not the heat was intolerable. I turned into Dulwich Wood for shelter; I seated myself upon a bank, shaded by one of the trees, which once waved its branches over the hermit's cave: he had been murdered there, a crowd of recollections rushed upon my brain; his cave had fallen to decay, a heap of sticks and leaves lying in a hole, the only indication of its site; the dreary shade of desolation there showed most drearily; the birds seemed to whistle near it none but the most plaintive notes. The Saturday before the murder, he changed a half-guinea in the village, and some men, who heard of this circumstance, are supposed to have formed the cruel resolution to murder him when asleep, and thus to possess themselves of his supposed hoard of treasure; whether they were disappointed in their expected booty has never been ascertained. They have hitherto escaped the avenging arm of justice, but Heaven, which saw, will surely judge this deed the most cruel human depravity ever conceived, or minds the most savage ever put into execution. With a long pole, to which a sharp grappling-iron had been affixed, did these ruffians drag him from his cave; which was too low to admit any one but on their hands and knees, and from his sleep did they awaken this solitary and inoffensive being, to go unprepared into the presence of his Creator. The divine power which summoned him with so little notice, will, I trust, mercifully judge his sum of faults. Since his unhappy death, many a summer party has had its plans deranged, for he used to furnish them

with boiling water, and, sitting in the shade of the birches and oaks around his habitation, these sons and daughters of commerce were wont to take their tea on a Sunday afternoon. In return for the water, it was customary for his visitors to give him some trifle in money; perhaps, in a misconceived idea of generosity, or perhaps from a motive of ostentation (though for the honour of the human heart, I am inclined to hope this is a passion more censured than indulged in), some one gave him the half guinea, and thus became, though unwittingly, the cause of the most barbarous murder to which any one ever fell a victim. In foreign countries, it is the custom to mark the scene of murder by the erection of a cross, which is intended to call forth the sigh of sympathy from the pitying traveller. Here nothing now remains but the tradition, and many do not even know the spot. To preserve the remembrance for at least a few years, I cut the form of a cross on the bark of a tree which once formed a part of his residence; and I wish each one whom chance or design may lead to this spot, after having read this narrative, would reflect upon the ill consequences of mistaken generosity and the uncertain tenure of their lives; should this in anywise save them but from one error, it will be a satisfaction to know they have not read in vain the account of the May morning's ramble, in Dulwich Wood, of

Dulwich Grove. W. H. LANCE.

The Rambles of Asmodeus, No. V.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, how could you devote a whole page to the list of prizes distributed by the Duke of Sussex to the embryo Reynoldses and Rennies, at the anniversary of the Society of Arts, and omit an account of the dinner which followed at the Freemasons' Tavern,—the only part of the business, in my opinion, worthy of notice? Had you been there, as I was, you would have found that the observation of the poet, that 'd—ns have had their day,' is not altogether true, since His Royal Highness of Sussex turned them to good purpose on this occasion. In the course of his speech the royal duke alluded to a Mr. Bligh, who had received the reward of the society for embanking some land from the sea; adding 'he had thereby proved himself greater than the King of England who ordered the waves to retire, but whose command the waves would not obey. Mr. Bligh, however, though not a king, *dammed*

* May not this term be sometimes very much allied, in signification, to the epithet *artful*?

out the waters, and *dammed* them without the aid of the d—l, but by the aid and skill of a British agriculturist.'—This was followed by loud laughter and applause. On what ground the latter was given I am a loss to guess,—unless for the happy association of d—ning and the d—l. As, however, it is probable that the royal duke may, as on other occasions, repeat his public wit in private company, I will help him to amend it; let him, then, introduce a peevish Englishman's adieu to the Dutch:—

'Amphibious wretches, sudden be your fall,
May man undam you, and G—d—n you all.'

And, by way of an appropriate toast, let him give the following,—'Dam your canals, sink your mines, blast your furnaces, and consume your manufactures.' This will enable his royal highness to drink Prosperity to our Trade, and to indulge his taste for less praiseworthy amusements. Among the prizes distributed, I find one was given to a Mr. Chapman for making steam-engine boilers consume their own smoke. The duke, who contributes more to the revenue by the consumption of Virginia than any other of his Majesty's liege subjects, said he hoped Mr. Chapman's plan would never be applied to individuals.

Cowper has told us that—

'Vanity's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour,'

and, being of the same opinion myself, I had resolved on attending the great fight between Spring and Langan, near Chichester on Tuesday, and the King's levee on Wednesday; but, on consideration, I abandoned my intention as to the fight, thinking, as the chimney-sweeper's boy did of the sombre sports of his tribe on the first of May, that it was low-lived. Boxing matches and executions I therefore for the present leave to Pierce Egan and Parson Cotton. By the bye, what singular passions some folks are of. All have heard of the man who had a museum of the ropes with which great criminals were hung, and of another Englishman that was so fond of executions that he set off to see the decapitation of Louis XVI. but died of a broken heart on finding himself in Paris half an hour too late. As for Mr. Cotton assiduously attending the prisoners, I do not wonder at it, because he is labouring in his vocation, and, besides, every execution is followed by a famous *dejeuné à la fourchette*; but who is that amateur ordinary, Mr. Baker, who is so very careful not to miss one of those appalling scenes at which human nature revolts? To say nothing of his heart,

he must have a weak head or strong nerves, or he would not thus voluntarily assume so painful an office.

Besides the fight, there are other scenes and adventures of this week in which I have had no share, and to which I deem it necessary to allude, lest I should be thought negligent of my duty. I have not then been to *sinagog* with the Jews, although it is one of their high festivals. I had no share in kicking Chateaubriand out of the French ministry, or an ex-sheriff of singular notoriety out of the Crown and Anchor Tavern, at the Cumberland Society's dinner on Wednesday. I was not at Marlborough Street Police Office, when the Earl of H-rb-gh was fined five shillings for being drunk, nor did I write that pathetic story in the *Scotsman* about the Carron Company's old horses, which ends with so beautiful an alliteration that I must quote it; 'a certain spot has long received their carcasses, when death at last *goaded the galled gelding to his goal*.' I did not catch the last sigh of poor Oxberry, who has 'shuffled off this mortal evil,' nor of Crachimi, the Sicilian dwarf,—one of those libels on humanity which rather astonishes than pleases us. This epitome of the sex was ten years old, measured nineteen inches high, and weighed only ten pounds. The little creature, who was so weak and inanimate that she held but a sort of doubtful existence, was said by those who exhibited her to be the smallest dwarf ever witnessed; but if grave historians are to be credited, this is not the case. Camerarius relates that in the time of Theodosius there was an Egyptian dwarf, who though twenty years old, and exercising all the functions of a man, was so small that he resembled a partridge; and Zuinglius assures us, that Alypius of Alexandria, an eminent philosopher and logician, was only seventeen inches and a half high,—but I must not make my ramble a chapter on dwarfs.

London is, after all, the place for sights, and of all sights there is nothing to me half so gratifying as the annual visit of the charity children to St. Paul's, which this year took place on Thursday. I well remember, nine years ago, how this scene forced an involuntary tear from the Emperor of Russia, when on a visit to this country, and I know that he declared it the most interesting scene he ever beheld; what, indeed, can be more gratifying than to hear hymns of joy and praise from eight or ten thousand undissembling

voices, or to see so many children neatly clothed and well fed by the charity of the metropolis, who would otherwise be starving and in rags. Most cordially do I agree with a living author, that 'Proud as London may justly be of her stately edifices, her vast wealth, and her extensive commerce, she may boast that her benevolence is commensurate with her greatness.' While living, the inhabitant of the metropolis has 'a hand open as day to melting charity,' and when he dies, Shakspeare's lines might form an appropriate epitaph:—

'For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping.'*

The bare list of the London charities would fill a volume, but of all these there is none more important than those which have for their object to 'teach the young idea how to shoot,' and to carry into effect the paternal wishes of his late Majesty, that every child in the empire should be able to read the Bible. St. Paul's Cathedral never appears to me half so beautiful as when the temporary amphitheatre which is constructed on these occasions is occupied by the charity children, in their varied costume, relieving the sight from that monotony which one uniform dress would have; and then to see them with a light heart and a keen appetite marching home in regular procession, anticipating the hearty meal which awaits their return. On these occasions we participate in the pride of the pedagogues and the matrons, and even forgive the self-importance of the parish beadle, though swelling 'like a sheet bleaching in a high wind;' but the scene is altogether too interesting not to be pleased with every thing—at least, such is always the case with—

ASMODEUS.

P. S. I was not at the levee; by mentioning the cheap accommodation of my friend Solomon, in the way of court dresses, I have brought him such an influx of customers, that he had not a court dress left when I applied to him on Tuesday, and there was not sufficient time to make one. I have, however, taken care not to be disappointed a second time.

LITERATURE IN VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

THE periodical press of Van Dieman's Land will certainly bear very considerable improvement. The Hobart-Town Gazette consists only of a demy half-sheet, unless when a pressure of ad-

* Percy Histories, Part V. p. 150.

vertisements requires a supplement of about half the size. Its contents are confined to the announcement of arrivals at the colony, with a very few paragraphs of domestic intelligence, and a meagre selection from the English journals, beside the advertisements, which occupy more than three fourths of the columns. From the announcements we find that stores of every description are in abundance; articles of all descriptions, both of necessity and convenience, are offered to the settlers; though, as may be expected, books are not numerous, and those which are named are not of the first rank. One practice struck us as particularly convenient—that of persons leaving the colony advertising their departure, in order that all claims against them may be presented; and this appears so general, that we suspect it to be a government regulation. We wish such an arrangement prevailed in this country, particularly for the advantage of tradesmen in our fashionable watering-places.

The Sydney Gazette, of which we also have a copy, is double the size of its younger brother of Hobart-Town, but by no means superior to it in execution: it makes, however, large promises of improved types, paper, and presses. Its contents are somewhat more diversified: we have the following as a statement of the average prices of the previous Sydney markets:—

Wheat, 4s. 11½d. per bushel; maize, 2s. 4d. per ditto; barley, 3s. per ditto; potatoes, 7s. per cwt.; fowls, 2s. 9d. per couple; butter, 2s. 4d. per lb.; eggs, 1s. 9d. per dozen; cheese, 1s. 3d. per lb.

The editor, in a note, calls the attention of his readers to the production of a native writer, who signs himself 'Australasianus,' and which is pronounced to possess extraordinary merit. It is a fragment in blank verse, entitled *The Storm*. After describing the thunder, lightning, rain, and wind, and stating that a 'bark' was exposed to the tempest, the writer asks, with much simplicity,—

'Poor hapless mariners, how can ye brook
The fierce unbridled fury of the storm?'

and then proceeds to answer himself, by showing that they could not brook it, and describes the wreck. If this be a specimen of the excellent in poetry in Australasia, we fear it will be some time before that article will rank among colonial produce from that quarter of the world. The following, sung at the celebration of the birth-day of the daughter of a Mr. Underwood, though

preceded by no commendation, appears to us much superior: the pun on the name, however, is not in the best taste:—

'The claims of affection are dear to our hearts,
They spring from the sympathy Nature im-
parts;

They glow in our bosoms, and yield that de-
light

Which friendship has call'd us to share in to-
night.

'The oak, as the monarch and sire of the grove,
Protects the young shrubs with its branches
above;

Whilst the flourishing Under-woods round it
aspire

To rival, in time, the fair fame of their sire.

'The genius that smiles on Australia's land
Shall guard her young scions with fostering
hand,

Bid the mirror of truth be their earliest pride,
And its graceful reflections their light and their
guide.

'Then charge the full bumper and bellow the
toast—

"May prosperity's sunshine distinguish our
host;

Ever verdant the foliage that waves in his fa-
vour,

And his branches of Under-wood flourish for
ever!"

HALF AN HOUR TOO LATE.

PREVIOUS to Lord Nelson leaving London on his last but most glorious enterprise, in which he purchased an immortal victory with his life, he gave a farewell dinner to a party at his house. While the guests were still at the table, an upholsterer to whom an order for cabinet furniture had been given arrived, to announce to his lordship the completion of the order; he was admitted into the dining-room, in a corner of which the hero of a hundred battles and a hundred victories spoke to him. 'Is all furnished,' said Nelson. It is, my lord, and will go by the waggon from — Inn at six o'clock to-morrow morning.' 'And you will go to the inn, Mr. A. and see them.' 'I shall, my lord; I shall be there *precisely at six*.' 'Mr. A.' said Nelson, 'be there a *quarter before six*.' To that quarter of an hour I owe every thing in life.'

If to being a quarter of an hour before the time Nelson owed every thing, how unfortunate am I, whose sole misfortune arises from being always half an hour too late. I was born, Mr. Editor, *half an hour too late*; and though I have been in a hurry all my life, I have never been able to get back that single half hour. People may talk as much as they will about 'redeeming the time;' the thing is impossible. If the wheel had been turned back just half an hour, when I was a boy, it would have changed the colour of my life.

The first thing I can recollect of my early childhood is, that I was always in difficulty—always *half an hour too late*. When I got up in the morning, which I seldom did till my mother had coaxed

me and my father threatened me some four or five times each, I generally found the breakfast-table cleared, my roll cold, and not unfrequently my bowl of milk half devoured by the cat. I used then to swallow the milk (and half the time in my hurry spill it in my bosom), put the bread in my pocket—snatch up my satchel and hat, and without stopping to put them on, hasten away to school. I was *half an hour too late*. Six times a week, I used to be punished for tardiness; and generally two or three times more for eating my breakfast in school: besides being kept in, and finding myself too late for dinner, for not reciting with my class in the morning. And all this arose from sitting up *half an hour too late* at night. I was often scolded, and sometimes whipped for it; went to bed crying, and in consequence overslept myself half an hour the next morning.

Thus passed the days of my childhood. —When I was fourteen years old, I was placed in the shop of a linen draper and silk mercer,—in short, a sort of general dealer in ladies' goods; and though I certainly worked very hard and was always out of breath, no better luck attended me there; that wicked half hour was never to be found. Take one day as a specimen of the rest. I sat up late one night, in copying some letters, which ought to have been done the preceding afternoon. The next morning I arose *half an hour too late*. I could not arrange the goods in the shop before customers came in; in the course of the day every thing got in confusion. Taking the advantage of a little leisure, I began to put the goods in place—then remembered the letters which I had copied, and which were of great importance—ran to the post office, and found the mail had been gone *just half an hour*. I came back in some perplexity, and resolved to be more punctual for the future. That I might carry this resolution into immediate effect, I went to the desk and began to draw out an account, which my master had directed me to carry to an attorney, early in the morning. I was summoned away to carry home a bundle of silk which a lady had just purchased; but determining to be right, for once, I laid the bundle on the desk, and completed the account. When it was finished, I carried it to the lawyer, and found that the debtor had failed in the course of the forenoon, and that I was *half an hour too late* to save any thing. I spent two hours in endeavouring to find other property to attach, but without success; and then towards evening carried home the silk. The lady was going to a ball; and after waiting for me till her patience was exhausted, had sent to another shop. I was too late.

My master, when he heard these circumstances, very gravely predicted my ruin, and dismissed me from his employment. I then shipped on board a vessel which was bound to Europe, and pleased my fancy for some days with the thought of visiting

distant countries, and seeing strange sights. I even put on some airs among my acquaintance, and began to speak with contempt of those who had always lived at home. But the morning of my departure arrived; and, notwithstanding the bustle and excitement, it was painful to leave home—perhaps for ever. I took leave of my father, received my mother's warm kiss, lingered for a moment with my sisters, and hurried down to the wharf.—The ship had sailed *half an hour before!*

What became of me next—how I went to work on a farm, and got my hay in half an hour after it began to rain, and brought my potatoes to market half an hour after the shipper had completed his cargo; how I abandoned this in despair, and became a merchant; how I insured one vessel half an hour after she had arrived in this port, and another one half an hour after letters were in the post-office announcing her loss; how I purchased on speculation the notes of a dealer of doubtful credit, half an hour after all his property was attached; and how I became a bankrupt myself,—it is unnecessary now to relate. My usual ill luck followed me; I was half an hour too late for every thing.

When I was twenty-three years of age, I was deeply in love with a young lady of great beauty and virtue. I paid her such attentions as my feelings dictated, and such as are usually powerful enough on young ladies' hearts; but though I was not deficient in ardour or perseverance, some how or other, I was always *too late*. If I went to a ball with her, the drawing had commenced before we arrived, and we had to take our station at the foot of the dance. If I invited her to a walk, I was not ready to set out till evening drew on apace, and it was too cold to walk far; still I hoped I had made a favorable impression upon her; and after delaying it for some time, that I might be surer of success, I ventured at last to disclose my passion to her. She cast down her eyes, and blushed and looked agitated. My hopes were almost triumphant. I threw myself at her feet, and—with a voice of suppressed emotion she intreated me to rise—she hoped there had been no misapprehension, but a regard to herself and to me equally required plain dealing. She had engaged herself to my rival *just half an hour before*.—That wicked half hour!

I am now, Mr. Editor, forty-five years old, a bankrupt and a solitary bachelor.—I have been, to the best of my recollection, out of breath with hurry all my life; and yet I have always been half an hour too late. How shall I get half an hour? where is leisure to be found? I have kept my dinner cooling on the table, while I have written these hasty lines to you.—My old housekeeper, who knows my habits, tells me that there is one comfort in store for me—that I shall not die till half an hour after my time comes. What think you of it?

I am your's in haste, but I hope not half an hour too late for admission into your journal.

PETER PUFF.

Biography.

MR. OXBERRY.

It was but last week that we had to lament the loss to the public, of one of the best comedians of the age; there was, however, one consolation, that he was retiring to enjoy in private life that affluence which his talents had earned; we have now to regret the loss of another favorite actor, without any such consolation: poor Oxberry, who had just entered into a new engagement with Mr. Elliston for three years, has quitted the stage of life. He had been unwell for some weeks, but had nearly recovered, when, about one o'clock on Wednesday morning, he was seized with apoplexy, and died within half an hour after, leaving a widow and two children, we fear, not very well provided for; since, although he was actor, author, editor, printer, and publican, he was not free from that improvidence which is too often the accompaniment of most of these professions.

William Oxberry was born in London in 1784, of respectable parents, in the parish of St. Luke's, and, after receiving a good education, was successively put to an artist and a bookseller; early in life he became fond of the stage, and made his *debut* in private theatricals; he afterwards joined some itinerant companies in the country, and made his bow to a London audience at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 7th of November, 1807, since which time he has generally been either at the Haymarket or one of the winter theatres,—occasionally, however, performing at some of the minor houses. Oxberry's chief forte was in rustic characters, although his humour took a wider range; he could personate simplicity admirably, and was an excellent Slender in Shakspeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*; nor was he less happy in the ridiculous, in which he was perhaps second only to Liston; indeed, in one or two characters we preferred him to that admired actor—particularly in *Maw-worm*; his *Dominie Sampson* was also very good. The last season Mr. Oxberry was at Drury Lane Theatre, he was often, not only jostled out of his own characters, but compelled to take those neither suited to his talents nor his inclination, and hence he did not appear to that advantage he had previously done; he however continued to enjoy a large portion of the public favour, and his death will be lamented by every lover of the drama. The principal literary pursuit in which Mr. Oxberry was engaged, was an

edition of the drama, with critical dissertations, and the stage directions; its chief attraction, however, was the fidelity of the portraits in character with which it was enriched.

Original Poetry.

HOPE.

HOPE celestial, maid terrestrial,
Harbinger of joy and bliss;
Heavenly treasure, earthly pleasure,
Thy fair cheeks I long to kiss!
Beauteous stranger, long a ranger
From my presence thou hast been:
Why so coyous, when so joyous,
Evanescent, seldom seen.
In laughing bowers, 'midst the flowers,
Does thy wand'ring footsteps rove?
Where the bee with honied knee,
Wantons in the sunny grove!
Or by mountains, near some fountain,
Where the wood-nymphs love to dwell—
Zephyrs courting, wanton sporting,
Peep'st thou out thy moss-grown cell!
See the morning rising, dawning,—
Nature shows her charms abroad—
Flow'rets springing, lavrocks singing
Soft orisons to their God!
Ev'ning's shadow o'er the meadow
Veils the fiery orb of light;
Golden clouds the summit shroud,
Hope eternal sinks in night. HATT.

THE PROBATE AND THE REPROBATE.

A PETER PINDARIC.

A BUMPKIN from the country, whose papa
Had died, and left him all his riches,
Came up to town,—I need not say how far,—
To touch the cash, and put it in his breeches;
Pockets, I should have said, but rhymes run
very hard,
And Peter, my precursor, was no dainty bard.
Greenhorn was still executor to dad,
And, having popp'd the will into his pocket,
Came up for probate by the coach, like mad,
As creditors do sometimes for a docket;
For funds were high, at which our youth was
glad,
As he no more in consols meant to lock it.
Dad had *long* kept him *short*, and now young
'squire
Meant to enjoy his ev'ry fond desire.
This was the sort of chap for knowing pun-
ter;
He thought of keeping snug some comely lass,
To help him off with his superfluous brass;
Besides a gig, a hackney, and a hunter.
'Twas dull November when he came to town,
And dark and dreary;
The coach at Two-neck'd Swan had set him
down,
And, being weary,
Our lad in Lad Lane supp'd, and went to bed,
To rest till morning his now planning head.
It came; and off he sent among the proctors,
Near fam'd St. Paul,
In *Commons* set apart for learned doctors;
Not like the *commons* he had left behind at
all.
Soon, by inquiry taught, our country blade
Under an arch went,
And found a proctor busy at his trade,
With pens and parchment.

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The will's produc'd; the proctor bows,
And answers greenhorn's whens and hows,
Who shows amaze,
By telling him that he must wait
For probate, from the present date
Full two clear days!

He lik'd not this;—for last November,
As ev'ry body must remember,
Was dull and foggy, damp and dark;
And wisely thought our sapient spark,
That many days might pass, ere spring,
Without two clear ones following.

And so he found it at his pent-up inn,
Where he has ne'er been since, nor had be-
fore;

And this same Two-neck'd Swan he did begin
to think a bore;

Nor blue, nor black, nor any other colour,
But just a downright bore,—so thought his
dolor.

Ten days past by, ten days of fog and rain,
As if the sun would never come again;
With females in his head, our hero's spirit
fails,

For all his pleasure here was looking at the
mails!

They came and went, and went and came,
And here was Greeny still the same,
But not at all contented;

He had his fits of surly growling,
To match November's hideous howling:

At length the sun relented,
Came from behind his veil of clouds,
And upon London's busy crowds,
Who long had miss'd all

His beams, which they supplied by gas,
He shone, like beauty in a lovely lass,
As clear as crystal.

And for two days he kept up all this clearness,
Much to the joy of our admiring lout;
Who now began to find out London's dearness,
At which he'd sometimes pout.

And now he sought again his proctor, who
Star'd at our youth as though he'd look him
through,

And said, 'When you first came to me, your
haste

Was such, you thought an hour too long to
waste,

To keep you from your old dad's hoarded
money;

And certainly to me it has seem'd funny,
Twelve days you should have staid, so well I
know,

That in two days you might have had the
rhino.'

'Two days,' cried Green; 'to me you said two
clear days!

Ten cloudy ones I stopp'd,—to me ten dear
days;

Since that the sun has shone two clear days
more,

And here I am quite punctual at your door.'

He touch'd his cash, went home, and quickly
spent it;

And, clear or not, will all his days repent it!

J. M. LACEY.

The Drama

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

On Friday evening, the 4th instant, the
King and Queen of the Sandwich
Islands visited Drury Lane, where, we
learn, they were received with royal ho-

nours; we say we learn, for as the great
lessee thought proper to suspend all the
free admissions, even those of the daily
and hebdomadal press, we were not
present. The play was *Rob Roy*;
though it would be difficult, in the
whole range of the drama, to find one
less appropriate, or in which these ami-
able strangers could feel less pleasure;
unless, indeed, the Scottish novels had
previously been translated into the lan-
guage of the Sandwich Islands, which,
we presume, has not been the case.

On Monday, Mr. Elliston had his be-
nefit, which was very crowded; and on
Tuesday Madame Catalani appeared as
on the preceding night, and sung two of
her favourite airs, on which account, as
we understand, the free list was again
suspended.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—The
newly-revived drama of the 'merry mo-
narch, scandalous and poor,' under the
title of *Charles the Second*, still conti-
nues attractive, and draws good houses:
the season is so rapidly drawing to a
close that we must not expect novelties.

MR. MATHEWS.—On Thursday
night we again visited Mathews, whose
performances, like good wine, are all
the better for age; his nights are now
numbered, and there will not be many
more opportunities of seeing him; but
the undiminished popularity he main-
tains and the excellence of his *Trip to
America* will fill his house to the last.

Literature and Science.

Mr. J. E. Gray intends shortly to publish
by subscription, a series of *Menographs of
Genera of Mollusca*, illustrated with plates
of each section, and all the new species;
this work will form a history of all the
known species of fossil and recent shells and
molluscan animals. Each part may be sub-
scribed for separately, and will form a
complete work in itself, as it will be fur-
nished with indexes, arranged list of the
strata of fossil, species, &c. &c. He had
been induced to adopt this mode of publi-
cation from the complaints very justly
urged against the unscientific miscella-
neous plan which most naturalists have
lately adopted in their works.

The sale of the third portion of the
highly valuable collection of prints, im-
pressions from works in *niello* upon paper,
a collection of works in *niello* upon silver,
and a series of ancient casts, from works
in *niello*, in sulphur, &c. &c., the property
of the late Sir Mark Masterman Sykes,
Bart., was concluded by Mr. Sotheby, at
his rooms, in Wellington Street, on Satur-
day. The various articles produced near-
ly seven thousand pounds. It is impos-
sible adequately to describe the anxiety
of the print collectors, and the collectors

of antique curiosities, to purchase, at any
rate and price, many of these gems. The
following is a small specimen of the
mania and its results, which occurred on
Saturday:—

A Pax, by Maso Finiguerra, in *niello*,
upon silver, a fac simile of the print of the
Madonna, &c., sold for£315 0 0

The following pieces from works of
niello, in sulphur, measuring 2½ of an inch
by 1½ of an inch:—

Christ washing the Apostle's Feet, the
Last Supper, the Crucifixion, the Dead
Body of Christ lamented over by the
Maries£173 5 0

Christ taken in the Garden, Christ be-
fore Pilate, Christ releasing the Patriarchs
from Limbo, the Resurrection of Christ;
all in sulphur£126 0 0

The Flagellation of Christ, Christ bear-
ing his Cross, the Day of Pentecost, the
Last Judgment; all in sulphur £150 0 0

A Morocco Box, containing a Collec-
tion of Works, in *niello*, upon silver
£215 0 0

North Polar Expeditions.—Captain Parry,
with his brave associates, are now again on
their voyage to that seat of eternal ice and
cold, the Arctic regions; the Hecla and
Fury passed through the Pentland Frith,
the strait which separates the Mainland of
Scotland from the Orkney Isles, on the 30th
of May; and it is a remarkable coinci-
dence, that it was precisely on the same
day of the month that they passed through
this strait when proceeding on the last voy-
age. The final orders from the Lords of
the Admiralty for the sailing of the expedi-
tion to co-operate with Capt. Parry in the
event of being able to meet in the Arctic
regions, were received on Wednesday even-
ing, and the Griper, which is to take out the
expedition and proceed with it, was imme-
diately in readiness for departure in the
morning.—Captain Lyon came on board at
ten o'clock on Wednesday night, and was
accompanied by the whole of his officers.
The crew were, by permission, allowed to
remain with their friends, and to enjoy the
festivities of Greenwich Fair, and were not
mustered until half-past nine o'clock on
Thursday morning; they were inspected by
Captain Lyon and his officers. At ten
o'clock the commander from the quarter
deck gave the signal for sailing, and the
'Blue Peter' was run up. The Comet
steam-yacht was then towed alongside, and
moored fast to the Griper. A few minutes
after ten o'clock, the tide serving, the Comet
proceeded to 'cleave the liquid way,'
with the Griper in company.—The crews
of the different ships in the river gave three
cheers as the Griper passed down, which
were answered by her crew. The depart-
ure of the vessel produced a very great ex-
citation of sympathy from the spectators.
The Griper is in fine sailing trim, and her
tonnage does not now exceed 350 tons, hav-
ing unshipped a great part of her stores into
the Snap transport, which accompanies her
to Davis's Straits. The crew of the Griper
is composed of only 33 men, who are com-
manded by eight officers, not including the

gentlemen who accompany the expedition for scientific purposes. All the instruments of science have been on board some days. Upwards of 6000 persons visited the Griper within the last few weeks.

We have great pleasure in noticing that a concert on the first scale of professional talent will take place on Monday, for the benefit of that extraordinary musical child, Master George Aspull, who lately had the honour of being introduced to his Majesty, and a most splendid court.—He is, we understand, making progressive improvement, and that to an extent which makes it impossible to convey an adequate idea of his talents. On four, six, or eight notes given to him, he will form a melody so complete in musical rhythm, abounding in elegance of idea as well as uncommon originality, that is truly astonishing—as well as treating it in every possible way, making variations on the spot in most styles, and, lastly, working it up by fugue and cadence, so as to produce so regular a composition, that some of the first professors have been betrayed into an inquiry for the author. We also have to notice the liberality and kindness of the noble directors of the Ancient Concerts, in affording to this instance of nature and talent the free and gratuitous use of their splendid rooms for his benefit.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
June 4	50	64	50	30 32	Fair.
.... 5	49	59	51	.. 25	Cloudy.
.... 6	50	64	50	.. 28	Fair.
.... 7	51	69	60	.. 18	Do.
.... 8	55	70	55	.. 13	Do.
.... 9	50	66	60	.. 01	Do.
.... 10	50	55	51	29 98	Rain.

The Ver:

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Ingenuity.—We have lately seen a curious specimen of ingenuity, in a miniature Malay prow, with the crew on board, and every part of the rigging complete, the whole made of cloves, so nicely strung together, that they appear to be one mass. We understand that it is to be deposited in our Marine Museum, a present from Mr. Shillaber, of this town, commission merchant at Batavia.—*American Paper.*

JONATHAN'S VISIT TO THE THEATRE.

[More Materials for Mathews.]

Did you ever go to the theatre,
Where they bawl out *Shakspur* so loud,
By cornstalks, it beats out all nature,
And in front, by jenk, what a crowd.

There's one play-man who talk'd about blood,
(I think the play was *Macbeth*;)
For I swaggers he play'd it so good,
He scar'd some folks almost to death.

And then there was another, so bold,
Who fought with *Macbeth* a great fight;

By hokeys, he soon cried out 'hold,'
And died on the stage the same night.

I swaggers, what a parcel of old *witches*
All huddled around a small flare,
Each carried a broom in her clutches,
I suppose to sweep dust from the air.

But *Banquo*, the ghost of all ghosts,
Was conqueror of the whole stage;
I swear, when he'd visit the hosts,
They'd silence in the midst of a rage.

The *farce*, it was *Raising the Wind*,
And I expected to see a great storm;
But I snore, it was just to my mind,
And was worth five bushels of corn.

One feller, I think it was *Diddler*,
For he diddled the servants so slick,
By goll, and polite as our fiddler,
But otherwise more like Old Nick.

To see him eat up all the breakfast,
You'd wonder what made him so fat;
For nothing at all he left last,
Except what he put in his hat.

At length he got married so nice,
And said that he'd diddle no more;
The green curtain then dropp'd in a trice,
You'd have laugh'd to hear us all roar.

Consumption of Paris, in 1822.—Population, 713,765:—

Wine, hectoliters (100 quarts)....	838,513
Brandy, ditto.....	42,764
Cider and Perry, ditto.....	8955
Vinegar, ditto.....	16,176
Beer, ditto.....	176,759
Grapes (pounds).....	3,196,146
Oxen (head).....	75,945
Cows, ditto.....	8820
Calves, ditto.....	77,754
Sheep, ditto.....	379,531
Pigs and wild boars, ditto.....	88,925
Meat brought in killed (kilograms 2nd).....	1,677,964
Offal.....	479,170
Cheese, the 2nd.....	1,301,682
Sea fish, to the trade (in francs) ..	3,498,832
Oysters, ditto, ditto.....	988,862
Soft water fish.....	531,609
Poultry and game, ditto, ditto....	8,147,227
Butter, ditto, ditto.....	8,103,707
Eggs, ditto, ditto.....	3,693,232
Hay, trusses of 10 lb.	9,003,225
Straw, ditto, ditto.....	12,865,100
Oats, hectoliters (100 quarts)	1,099,354
Flours (sacks of 325 lb.).....	547,500

Thus every individual in Paris, one with another, drinks about 120 bottles of wine; six bottles of brandy, &c.; rather better than one quart of cider and perry, two quarts and a half of beer, per annum. They eat about four pounds and a half of grapes each; one shilling-worth of oysters; of poultry and game, 10s.; of eggs, 5s.; of butter, 10s. per annum; and twelve ounces of bread per diem.

Works published since our last notice.—Bacon's Elements of Vocal Science, 10s. 6d. Drake's Noontide Leisure, 2 vols. 18s. Graham's Residence in Chili, 4to. 2l. 12s. 6d. American Maxims, &c. 8vo. 8s. Sunday Enjoyments, 2s. 6d. The Relapse, 5s. Templeman's Conrad and other Poems, 5s. Hare on the Stomach, 8vo. 10s. 6d. Bishop Hall's Tracts, 12mo. 7s. Wilhelm Meister, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. Bingley's Roman Biography, 7s. Thomson on the Distribution of Wealth, 14s. The Inheritance, 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d. Hack's Grecian Stones, 3s. 6d. Wallace's Voyage to India, 8vo. 7s. Stocker's Alterations in the London Pharmacopœia, 5s. Rosalva, a romance, 3 vols. 1l. 10s. Vignettes of Derbyshire, 12mo.

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THE GALLERIES for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the Works of British Artists ARE NOW OPEN, from Eight till Dusk.
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THE GRAND EUPHONON,
having obtained His Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, the Public are respectfully informed that it is now ready for sale, by the Manufacturer, W. PINNOCK, No. 267, St. Clement's Church Yard, Strand.

PINNOCK'S PATENT GRAND EUPHONON is submitted to the Musical World as an instrument every way entitled to their Notice and Patronage. It produces the most melodious sounds, and is remarkable for its sweetness, power, and continuity of tone; the most difficult passages can be performed on it with taste and delicacy, while the bold swell of the Organ, the full vibration of the Harp, the dulcet strains of the Flageolet, and the sweet and expressive tones of the Violin are happily united. The touch is peculiarly light, the articulation distinct, and the player has the means of increasing or diminishing the tone at pleasure. It possesses, in short, those peculiar qualities, which are capable of giving grace and expression to the various kinds of musical composition, and of producing the exact effect intended by the composer; while, as an accompaniment to the voice, it is allowed to be unrivalled.

With qualities so desirable, it may possibly be imagined that some difficulty attends its performance: on the contrary, although the PATENT GRAND EUPHONON is particularly calculated to exhibit the superiority of a finished performer, it may be played on by the most inexperienced learner of the Piano-Forte, who will insensibly, as it were, be taught to distinguish, with the greatest precision, the various expressions and passions which music is intended to convey.

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